

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, Proprietor.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880.

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TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, including postage. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance. Single copies, Five Cents each.

Advertising Rates.

For one week.
One inch... \$ 75 Fourth column... \$1 00
Two inches... 1 25 Third column... 1 50
Three inches... 1 75 Half column... 1 00
Four inches... 2 25 1/2 column... 1 50
Five inches... 2 75 Whole column... 2 00

For two weeks.
One inch... \$ 1 25 Fourth column... \$1 75
Two inches... 2 00 Third column... 2 25
Three inches... 2 50 Half column... 1 75
Four inches... 3 00 1/2 column... 2 00
Five inches... 3 50 Whole column... 2 50

For three months.
One inch... \$ 3 00 Fourth column... \$4 50
Two inches... 4 50 Third column... 5 00
Three inches... 5 25 Half column... 3 50
Four inches... 6 00 1/2 column... 4 00
Five inches... 6 75 Whole column... 5 00

For one month.
One inch... \$ 2 00 Fourth column... \$2 50
Two inches... 3 00 Third column... 3 25
Three inches... 3 50 Half column... 2 50
Four inches... 4 00 1/2 column... 3 00
Five inches... 4 50 Whole column... 3 50

For two months.
One inch... \$ 3 50 Fourth column... \$5 00
Two inches... 5 00 Third column... 5 50
Three inches... 5 75 Half column... 4 00
Four inches... 6 50 1/2 column... 4 50
Five inches... 7 00 Whole column... 5 50

For three months.
One inch... \$ 5 00 Fourth column... \$7 00
Two inches... 7 00 Third column... 7 50
Three inches... 7 75 Half column... 5 50
Four inches... 9 00 1/2 column... 6 00
Five inches... 9 50 Whole column... 7 00

For four months.
One inch... \$ 6 50 Fourth column... \$9 00
Two inches... 9 00 Third column... 9 50
Three inches... 9 75 Half column... 7 00
Four inches... 11 00 1/2 column... 7 50
Five inches... 11 50 Whole column... 9 00

For five months.
One inch... \$ 8 00 Fourth column... \$10 50
Two inches... 11 00 Third column... 11 50
Three inches... 11 75 Half column... 8 50
Four inches... 13 00 1/2 column... 9 00
Five inches... 13 50 Whole column... 10 50

For six months.
One inch... \$ 9 50 Fourth column... \$12 00
Two inches... 13 00 Third column... 13 50
Three inches... 13 75 Half column... 10 00
Four inches... 15 00 1/2 column... 10 50
Five inches... 15 50 Whole column... 12 00

For seven months.
One inch... \$ 11 00 Fourth column... \$13 50
Two inches... 15 00 Third column... 15 50
Three inches... 15 75 Half column... 11 50
Four inches... 17 00 1/2 column... 12 00
Five inches... 17 50 Whole column... 13 50

For eight months.
One inch... \$ 12 50 Fourth column... \$15 00
Two inches... 17 00 Third column... 17 50
Three inches... 17 75 Half column... 13 00
Four inches... 19 00 1/2 column... 13 50
Five inches... 19 50 Whole column... 15 00

For nine months.
One inch... \$ 14 00 Fourth column... \$16 50
Two inches... 19 00 Third column... 19 50
Three inches... 19 75 Half column... 14 50
Four inches... 21 00 1/2 column... 15 00
Five inches... 21 50 Whole column... 16 50

For ten months.
One inch... \$ 15 50 Fourth column... \$18 00
Two inches... 21 00 Third column... 21 50
Three inches... 21 75 Half column... 16 00
Four inches... 23 00 1/2 column... 16 50
Five inches... 23 50 Whole column... 18 00

For eleven months.
One inch... \$ 17 00 Fourth column... \$19 50
Two inches... 23 00 Third column... 23 50
Three inches... 23 75 Half column... 17 50
Four inches... 25 00 1/2 column... 18 00
Five inches... 25 50 Whole column... 19 50

For twelve months.
One inch... \$ 18 50 Fourth column... \$21 00
Two inches... 25 00 Third column... 25 50
Three inches... 25 75 Half column... 19 00
Four inches... 27 00 1/2 column... 19 50
Five inches... 27 50 Whole column... 21 00

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per Square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Local and Special Notices, Twenty Cents per line.

Obituaries and calls on candidates, Fifty Cents per square.

The privilege of yearly advertisements is strictly limited to one immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of the individual members.

No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertion when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.

No advertisements inserted gratuitously.

Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.

Announcing candidates—County, Five Dollars—Congressional, Senatorial, or Judicial, Ten Dollars—large paid in advance.

Church Directory.

Presbyterian, Fayetteville—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 and night; Rev. W. H. Groves, pastor; Sunday school, S. M. Medford, services every Sabbath at 10:30; Sunday school, S. M. Medford, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

Cumberland Presbyterian—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and night; Rev. W. G. Templeman, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

Methodist, Pleasant Plains—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and night; Rev. F. S. Taylor, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

United Presbyterian, New Hope—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11; 2nd and 4th Sabbath at 11—Rev. A. S. Sloan, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

Methodist, Mt. Vernon—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 and night; Rev. W. J. Collier, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

Baptist, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11; Rev. W. H. Hitt, pastor; Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 11 and night; Rev. W. G. Templeman, pastor.

United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and night; Rev. David Strang, pastor; Sunday school at 10:30.

Liberty Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 11 A. M.; Rev. T. L. Darnell, preacher in charge.

Methodist, Shady Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. M. H. Herring, pastor; Cumberland Presbyterian, Shady Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. M. H. Herring, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Sulphur Springs—services 2nd Sabbath at 10:30; Rev. Wm. E. Hill, pastor.

Methodist, Oak Hill—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 10 A. M.; T. L. Darnell, preacher in charge.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill, Rev. J. B. Tigert, pastor.

Prospect, Wells Hill, Saturday before 2d Sunday, each month, Rev. B. T. King, pastor.

Heater Creek, Saturday before 4th Sunday, each month, Rev. B. T. King, pastor.

Methodist, Fayetteville—services 4th Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. M. H. Herring, pastor; Cumberland Presbyterian, Fayetteville—services 4th Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. M. H. Herring, pastor.

Shiloh, Methodist, near Millville—preaching on 2nd Sunday in each month at 3 P. M., and on Saturday at 11 A. M., before the 2nd and 4th Sunday; Rev. J. H. Nichols, pastor.

Cane Creek Church, six miles north of Fayetteville, services every 2nd and 4th Sunday; Rev. J. B. Tigert, pastor.

Mail Directory.

Fayetteville Post-Office.

Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 6:15 A. M. for Knoxville, Lincoln, Fayetteville, Oregon, Georgia, St. Louis, Kansas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago.

Shelbyville stage—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A. M.; leaves same days at 1 P. M.; Supplies, Mulberry, Lynchburg, Booneville, County Line, Shelbyville, and Huntsville stage—leaves, every Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives at Fayetteville at 10 A. M.; Supplies, Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Shelbyville back—leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 A. M.; arrives at Fayetteville at 10 A. M.; Supplies, Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Palmetto stage—arrives, every Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; leaves at 10 A. M.; Supplies, Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Blanche horse—leaves every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A. M.; arrives same days at 1 P. M.; Supplies, Camargo, Moline, Cold Water, Blanche, Cash Point, Booneville, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Booneville horse—arrives Monday and Saturday at 12 A. M.; leaves same days at 1 P. M.; Paterburg horse—leaves Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives at P. M.; Supplies, Booneville, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Money Order—arrives at Fayetteville at 10 A. M. upon post office mail parcels of the United States. A list of Money Order offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows: Not exceeding \$15, 10 cents; Over 15 and not exceeding \$50, 20 cents; Over 50 and not exceeding \$100, 30 cents; Over 100 and not exceeding \$500, 40 cents; Over 500 and not exceeding \$1000, 50 cents; Over 1000, 60 cents.

W. B. DOUTHAT, P. M.

County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.

W. B. Morgan, Clerk, Chancery Court.

W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do.

The Stage Driver's Story.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to wait the arrival of two or three coaches, and as I did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that arrived was not due at Littleton by contract until 1 o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was obliged to sit up a little later than that particular hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up with my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag, and pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agent near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I had any passengers that were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know. "But suppose I have not," says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in yesterday, and he said there were two suspicious looking characters on the stage that came in last night, and he suspected that they had an eye on this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He did not know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have passengers all the way through, but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and also keep sharp lookout when you change the horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more careful than usual, placing it so I could put my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past 1 when we started, and I had four passengers, two of whom only rode to my first stopping place. I reached Goshen's mill at dark when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About 6 o'clock in the evening I left Goshen's mill alone, having two horses and a pung. I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen miles it was too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in every direction, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow and tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At a distance of six miles I came to a settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked if I was going through to Littleton. I said I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines, when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped around and found that one of the animals had got a deep crotch cut on the off foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger," said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at the neighbor's."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can go that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold the lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung, I got fair views of such portions of my passenger's face as was not muffled up. I saw, a short, thick frame; full, hard features; and I could almost see that there was a

heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I did not think seriously upon it until I started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its right place under my feet.

"Hello!" says I, holding up my horses a little. "Where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind that slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he would shove it forward.

"Just at that moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them and lead them through it."

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got up again I placed the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking something from his lap beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I caught a gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and I had time to reflect, as I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I heard, and saw I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail but rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform the delicate operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would not help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try. So I worked all alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I endeavored to withdraw my foot I discovered that it had become fast in something. I thought it was the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear, but the more I kicked the more closely it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling a few moments, I found that my foot was in the bag. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had better do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter; he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest him.

I resolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house; and an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before it a huge snow bank stretched across the road through which tracks had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the snow bank a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling stood up as I frequently did when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the ridge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement and wasn't prepared for it, and I had calculated and was prepared.

He rolled out in the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe around him, while I alighted directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow and sung out for old Longee. I did not have to call the second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came out.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," I said.

As I spoke, I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in good season, and got it away from him.

By this time Longee, who had led the horses out, came back, and I explained the matter to him in a few words as possible.

We had hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail-bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, threatened, and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney.

Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain we tumbled him into the pung. I then asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course I will."

So he got his overcoat and muffer, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bags a little worse for the trick that had been played upon them. However, the mail-robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the State prison at the present time. At any rate he was there the last time I heard of him.

This is the only time I ever had any mail trouble, and I think, under all circumstances, I came out of it pretty well.

A Stage-Coach Incident.

Postmaster Adkinson, of Virginia City, Nev., is famous for the enormous size of his pedal extremities. Congressman Daggett and the P. M. were riding in a stage-coach, when a funny incident happened, which is thus related by the M. C.:

The stage was considerably crowded. Among the passengers were a lady and a little girl. The child was so small that her feet did not reach the floor of the coach and she presently became very tired and restless. Observing this, Mr. Daggett told the mother that the child would be much more comfortable if she had some support for her feet, and at the same time informed her that under the seat was a valuable matter; he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest him.

I resolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house; and an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before it a huge snow bank stretched across the road through which tracks had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the snow bank a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling stood up as I frequently did when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the ridge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement and wasn't prepared for it, and I had calculated and was prepared.

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